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THE BAD HUSBAND SCORED.

Moods, and Dwell on His Errors.

Hand-Horrors of Married Life with

a Drunkard-The All-Around Fool. "Divorces? Oh, No!-Bad Men

in the Minority.

NEW YORK, March 26.-She was a very



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CHAPTER XII.

It was not long before the children saw another sight on that plantation. They forgot all about Mr. Thimblefinger and Mrs. Meadows and Mr. Rabbit. They forgot to talk to the animals. The war had been under way for some time, and one rainy day in November word came that two soldiers in blue had been seen seen that two soldiers in blue had been seen that two soldiers in blue had been seen seen that two soldiers in blue had been seen that two soldiers in the soldier li reling along the road at a gallop. That was early in the morning. By noon the plantation fairly swarmed with the foragers in blue. The Union army was on

Standing at the window and looking through the mist and rain, Buster John and Sweetest Susan could see the forag-ing parties running about collecting the cows and calves, the horses and the mules, and presently they saw the same men in blue driving the stock out through the avenue and into the public road. Sweetest Susan cried when she saw the old gray pony ambling along with the rest, but Buster John never thought about the pony at all. He was watching to see the black stallion pass by, and the but Buster John never thought at the pony at all. He was watching see the black stallion pass by, and dering how the men would manage of the other he 'gaor'd 't.

The children also saw many of the ne-groes following the soldiers of. They new Aaron dressed in his Sunday best, and they wondered whether he was going with the rest. But after a while they heard Aaron talking to their grandfather. in the next room. They heard him say that he had tried to hide the horses and mules in the swamp, but some of the nextees had carried the foragers in blue oy heard their grandfather tell Aaron at he was now free to go where he the that he was no longer a slave, which Aaron replied if he was free

to distret of hoofs in the avenue, it distret of hoofs in the avenue, ited with the lowing of cattle, the sing of horses, and the shouts and of drivers. At first Rustor John and itest Susan, looking through the could see nothing, but a donse and wore a sword and was giving orders.

He had a quick, nervous way of talking, and his eyes ran from the carpet on
the floor to the pictures on the wall. One
of these pictures was the portrait of a
little boy, pale and wan, and the top of
a crutch peeped from behind his shoulder.
On this portrait the eyes of the soldier
ingered, and he turned to it with a quick
gesture. The children's grandfather stood
watching him. The old gentleman's atti-

watching him. The old gentleman's attribute was stiff and formal, and there was an expression of resentment on his face, for he recognized that the commander, the General of the army of invasion, stood before him.

As for the soldler, his stiff red beard bristled the lines in his weather-beaten

"That is Little Crochett," he said brusquely. "Where is he?" brusquely. "Where is he?"
The face of the children's grandfather softened, and his whole attitude changed. "Little Crochett is not here now," he replied. He turned and walked to the window, which seemed to be blurred by the mist and the rain blown against it by

the mist and the thought the commander took a quick step forward and placed his hand gently on the grandfather's shoulder.

"I am sorry," he added. "I have a mes-

"I am sorry," he added. "If my son had lived," remarked the

"If my son had lived," remarked the children's grandfather, by way of explanation, "he would be a grown man. As it is, he is still a little boy."
"That is curious, too," said the commander, "Since I heard of him I nave always thought of him as a little bit of a chap. Something like that." He turned to the portrait on the wall almost impatiently.

of the patiently.

If am forgetting myself," said the children's grandfather, holding out ais land, which the soldier seized and pressed in his quick, nervous way. "Sit in this rocking chair near the hearth and dry yourself. You and I are old acquaint-ances. Years ago you passed through this part of the country on hors-back and stopped here over night."

"That is so," replied the commander. "I was just beginning the business of life, You had already begun it."

"To some extent I was ahead of you then, just as you have now existipped."

ter, passed out upon the veranda, and so to where he had left his orderlies. He leaped into the saddle, turned and waved an adieu, and then the small cavalcade went clattering up the avenue. Somewhere in the distance Buster John

(THE END.)

Railroads for Rural Districts.

eads in the rural neighborhoods so as to truction in other ways. If the bill passes the plan of the light fron railroads com-mon in France and Belgium, and which cost about \$15,000 a mile, will probably

doubtless result in accomplishing much toward restoring prosperity to neighbor-hoods which have been left behind in the march of modern progress. The great development of manufacturing, in England especially, has been made at England especially, has been made at the expense of the country. Every trav-eller through rural England is struck by the signs of stagnation and decay in the country and small towns, which were once the scene of a busy life. The situa-tion is often painful. Manufacturing on a small scale is no longer carried on and agriculture feels not only the loss of a local market, but the weight of foreign convection. Workingmen and women occar market, but the weight of foreign competition. Workingmen and wofsen have drifted to the cities, and the nation is fast losing the sturdy yeeman stock which was once its pride and strength. So evident has this situation become that societies have been organized to turn the tide of population back again toward the country.

ter chance to hold his own. The stratuon is left to private enterprise, and private enterprise is rapidly taking up the work. The cheapness with which electric lines can be built and run is solving the problem. They are being pushed far out into the rural neighborhoods, and ten years from now there will be few isolated communities.

is treated in England and in the United States is more than an accident. It il-lustrates the results of two radically different economic systems. England puts its working classes into competition with the whole world. It has allowed its farmthe whole world. It has allowed its farming interests to be ruined in order to build up top-heavy manufacturing interests. And now it finds itself compelled to turn in and help the farmer out by the embarrassing situation into which free trade has brought him. It is taxing the manufacturers to help the impovershed fernors in the United States the the manufacturers to help the impover-ished farmers. In the United States the farmer and the workingman ask protec-tion from the pauper labor of foreign countries, and to be guarded from sink-ing to the level to which centuries of caste-rule in old countries have brought the workingman. But when the Amer-ican workingman has this protection he

that to-morrow morning you may have a bandage over one eye. The children will be so sorry because you got up in the night and struck it against the door. The servants will wink at each other. At night, when your husband comes home sober, he will bring you a new gown or a new brooch or some pretty trifle in the way of jeweiry—but none of his gifts can fade out that black eye. The chances are that you are a loving and forgiving woman, but how can you keep on loving a man who would strike you whether drunk or sober? That blow is the "something" that begins to make you wonder whether you do really care for him. But he is the father of your children—the ideal of your girthood—and somehow in your love there comes a great pity, and although strong-minded women would blame you, you love him and care for him as you might for one of your children. Your love ceases to be that wonderful one which should exist hetween husband and wife, but becomes instead maternal in its character and your attitude toward him, this man who promised to take care of your, is that of a mother toward a naughty child.

There are vicious husbands, thoughtless that to-morrow morning you may have & Bab Arraigns Him Severely in His Various SULLEN AND FAULT-FINDING VARIETY. Stinginess and Suspicion Go Hand in nice woman. And when I read the dainty little letter I felt myself growing tuller and it seemed as if my head was growing just a bit bigger. Still it was rather a pleasant feeling. But what she asked

ised to take care of your, is that of a mother toward a naughty child.

There are vicious husbands, thoughtless husbands, mean husbands, fill-tempered husbands, but between you and me, my dear little woman, there is no husband quite as bad as the all-around fool. He never does or says the right thing; he never appears to advantage and no matter how kind of heart your may announce ter how kind of heart you may anno that he is, lookers-on do not hesitate to say that he is wonderfully weak of brain. Personally, I believe the average woman would rather he beaten by a man with some intelligence than adored by a fool, and that is one of the things that makes me glad I am a woman. Even if one is a fool one's self, one does not want to marry a fool, and go on populating the world with fools for ever and for ever. BAB ARGUES AGAINST DIVORCE.

She asked me another question—did this little woman who wrote the charming letter. She said, "Do you believe in divorce?" I wish I knew how to say "No" so loudly that it would reach the ears of each woman who had ever thought of it, and convince them that one of these won derful new guns was near her, and that derful new guns was near her, and that she was struck by one of the five hundred shots that they sent out every minute. Sometimes, between two married people Sometimes, between two married people things reach such a point that it is wiser for them to separate; to live apart and to lead lives that give no scandal. But the divorce—oh, no! Once a woman is divorced from one man and marries another she becomes demoralized and falls to see why she may not continue the divorcing and the remarrying as long as she pleases. She forgets that the day will come when the only bloom on her cheeks is an artificial one; when the beautiful hair is false; when the eyes cheeks is an artificial one; when the eyes have lost their glow, and she is tired of life. What will she think about then? Always of her first love. She remembers that if she had not been so easily irritated about this, so suspicious about that, or so determined about something clse, she might still be an honored wife. It is a beautiful think, to my way of It is a beautiful thing, to my way o thinking, to see two people, no longer young, the woman no longer beautiful from that standpoint that demands rosy checks, bright eyes and sunny locks, happy with each other. Of course they have had their misunderstandings; of course there have been times when it seemed to each as if the other could no longer be endured, but then one of the two remembered the yows they had taken, and yielded, and so all life was made smoother and they grew gradually to understand just what each liked best to understand just what each fixed best, what each most enjoyed; and, although the big world was around them, it was outside them; and love and peace reigned in the little world made by those two. In my friend's little letter she said, "What would you do if the man you loved cared for another woman?" I shall not answer her, but I will let a learned man tall her what he thought. Dr. Johnman tell her what he thought. Dr. John son said that he would never receive back to his home a daughter whose complaint was that her husband had been unfaithful to her; and his reason for this was, that if a husband had been unfaithful it was the wife's own fault, since she had not succeeded in pleasing him.

REFORMED BY HIS WIFE. I wonder if I have said all there is about bad husbands? I don't like to attack the men. They have always been good and kind to me, and I am forced to judge them by what I see of them. My friend, you may take it as a truth, that two people are required to make a happy home. Many a bad husband has been unconsciously reformed by his wife's

wisdom.

I don't like to say that women ever need reformation. But there are bad husbands. Else women wouldn't be glad husbands. when they went off in the morning and didn't return until night. But so much is in the hand of the woman. Man is the lower animal. To be quite honest, I have never been quite sure whether he was above or below the monkey. So it is in the finer, better nature of woman to train him in the way he should go. To train him to be more gentle; to be more affectionate; more generous and less fault-finding. I don't believe there is any redemption for the sullen or the stingy redemption for the suiter or the stringy man. However, it is pleasing to think that he will have a hereafter, and I can imagine that heaven, to some women, will mean looking down to where their husbands are, and reminding them of the past. It would be a rather nasty thing to do; still, there would be a certain satisfaction about it, and no woman coulsatisfaction about it, and no woman count be blamed for doing it who had lived with a man who was all-round horrid. But then there are so many good men. And nice men. And lovable men. And considerate men. And unselfish men. And generous men. And among these there ought to be a man pleasing to that the living woman and her neighbor and nice little woman and her neighbor and

The Dead Jester.

(EDGAR WILSON NYE.) O prince of jesters, sure you do but mock Our startled eyes with this unnatural Surely your quiet lids will soon unclose

To find us trembling from the cruel shock Why, you have joked of Life, and joked of Death: It cannot be they take their vengeance

vexed that their own poor wit should fall below; Has the one fled?—the other filch'd your

Yes? Then, this heavy sleep in which you

You may not break to soothe a wear; You cannot see our tears of bitter pain first you ever wrung from human

Steps pertly forth in print, with quaint, rude cut, So sudden came the end, your latest qui; That apes your face—now calm, wire eyelids shut;
The smile that ever trembled on your lip

There may be men, book-learn'd and over

wise, Too short of sight to see the good that In merrriment; the charm of cap and bells; Who only reads such "nonsense" to de

For me, I hold the jester worth his hire; And if he frolic, not for kings, but men, That all alike may ache with laughter-I rate the bauble with the master's lyre!

If one poor worker, bearing honest stain Of soot or soil, has bought your sheets of print, Spelled out each jest, and smiled at

ev'ry hintO man of mirth, you have not lived in
vain!

"How much for bordraid of my leetle "How much to poy?"
"One hundred dollars."
"Vell, I dell you, you make de two for \$125, dey yas twins, and look yoost alike."

OMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED), OF LONDON. II. ASSETS.

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1926, OF THE CONDITION AND AFFAIRS OF THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSUR ANCE COMPANY (LIMITED, OF LONDON, ENG., ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN, MADE TO THE AUDITOR OF PURILE ACCOUNTS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, IS PURSUANCE OF THE LAWS OF VIRGINIA. United States Manager-Charles Sewall.

Assistant United States Manager-A. H. Wray.
Principal Office Corner Pine and William streets. New York city.
General Agent in Virginia-B. C. Wherry; residence, Richmond, Va.
Organized or incorporated, September 28, 1861; commenced business, October 1,
1801; commenced business in United States, January 1, 1871.

Value of real estate owned by the company (less the amount of in-cumbrances thereon) \$70,395 \$5 ACCOUNT OF BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND OF THIS STATE AND OF OTHER STATES, AND ALSO OF BONDS OF INCORPORATED CITIES IN THIS STATE, AND OF ALL OTHER BONDS AND STOCKS, OWNED ABSOLUTELY BY THE COMPANY.

United States registered 4 per cent. bonds. Par Value. Market Value. due 1907 United States registered 4 per cent. bonds,
due 1907

Akron and Chicago Junction railroad 5
per cent. bonds, due 1930.

Central of New Jersey railroad 5 per cent.
bonds, due 1987

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad
5 per cent. bonds, due 1901.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Terminal railroad 5 per cent. bonds, due 1914.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul (Cando P. W. Division) railroad 5 per cent.
bonds, due 1921.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul (Consolidated) railroad 7 per cent. bonds,
due 1906.

Chicago and Northwestern railroad 5 per \$ 463,250 00 80,000 00 57,000 00 100,500 00 81,000 00 27,250 00 Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul consolidated) railroad 7 per cent. bonds, due 1905.
Chicago and Northwestern railroad 5 per cent. bonds, due 1920.
Chicago and Northwestern railroad 7 per cent. bonds, due 1925.
Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad 6 per cent. bonds, due 1917.
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Lodis (8 and C. Division) railroad 4 per cent. bonds, due 1940.
Indianapolis and Vincennes railroad 7 per cent. bonds, due 1940.
Lehigh Vailey of New York railroad 4½ per cent. bonds, due 1940.
Lehigh Vailey Terminal railroad 5 per cent. bonds, due 1940.
Lehigh Vailey Terminal railroad 5 per cent. bonds, due 1941.
Michigan Central railroad 5 per cent. bonds, due 1943.
Michigan Central railroad 5 per cent. bonds, due 1942.
New York Central and Hudson River railroad 7 per cent. bonds, due 1952.
New York Central and Hudson River railroad 7 per cent. bonds, due 1953.
New York Lackawanna and Western railroad 9 per cent. bonds, due 1952.
New York Central and Hudson River railroad 9 per cent. bonds, due 1952.
New York Sentral and Hudson River railroad 9 per cent. bonds, due 1952.
West Shore guaranteed railroad 4 per cent. bonds, due 1952.
West Shore guaranteed railroad 4 per cent. bonds, due 1952.
West Shore guaranteed railroad 4 per cent. bonds, due 1953. 78,657 50 73,000 00 69,500 00 80,000 00 76,800 00 60,000 00 44,000 00 50,000 00 78,000 00 65,000 00 51,000 00 55,750 00 51,000 00 50,000 00 41.600 00 40,000 00 32,500 00 25.000 00 30,000 00 50,000 00 24,150 00 15,000 00 51,500 00 50,000 00 \$2,500 00

Total par and market value (carried \$1,463,000 00 \$1,628,637 50 \$
out at market value).

Cash in the company's principal office.

Cash belonging to the company deposited in bank (name bank): New
York Idfe Insurance and Trust Company, Bank of Commerce, Phosnix National, American Ex. National, Colorado National, Angio-Calnix National, American Ex. National, Colorado National, Angio-Californian, First National Bank of Milwaukee: total.

Interest due and accrued on bonds not included in "market value".

Interest due and accrued on bonds not included in "market value".

not more than three months due.

not more than three months due.

Bills receivable, not matured, taken for fire, marine, and inland
risks. \$1,628,657 50 \$1,623,657 80 All other property belonging to the company-viz.; Rents due and accrued, \$8.010.09; due from other companies for reinsurance on losses circady paid (name companies), £2.501.74; Security, \$1.789.76; Traders, \$1.52; American of New York, \$39.63; Bowery, \$5.25; Baldine, \$714.50; total.

Aggregate amount of all the assets of the company, stated at their actual value

III. LIABILITIES. Gross claims for adjusted and unpaid 17,902 19
Gross losses in process of adjustment, or in suspense, including all reported and supposed losses Losses resisted, including interest, costs, and other expenses thereon. 27,200 00 40,000 00 Total gross amount of claims for losses.\$ 252,604 19 Deduct reinsurance thereon...... 2,401 00 \$ 40,000 00 Net amount of unpaid losses \$ 250,293 19 \$ 40,000 00 Fire

Inland marine

Gross premiums received and receivable upon all unexpired fire risks, running one year or less from date of policy, including interest premiums on perpetual fire risks, \$1,030,897.13; unearned premiums (50 per cent). Stroke, \$1,030,897.13; unearned premiums (50 per cent). Strokes premiums received and receivable upon all unexpired fire risks, running more than one year from date of policy, \$1,041,979.87; unearned premiums (pro rata). Gross premiums (including both cash and bids) received and receivable upon all unexpired inland tavigation risks, \$18,764.00; unearned premiums (50 per cent) .\$ 968,448 56 1.947,189 45

Total unearned premiums as computed above (carried out)

Amount reclaimable by the insured on perpetual fire insurance policies being (50) per cent, of the premium or deposit received being (50) per cent, of the premium or deposit received.

All other demands against the company, absolute and contingent, due and to become due, admitted and contested—viz.

State, city, county, or other taxes and assessment; commissions, rokstrate, city, county, or other taxes and assessment; commissions, rokstrate, and other charges due and to become due to agents and brokers, on premiums paid and in course of collection, \$30,192.41; return premiums, \$1,027.56; reinsurance, \$2,183.79.

Total amount of all liabilties, except capital stock and net Surplus beyond capital and all other liabilities

William ... IV. RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR Fire Risks. Inland Risks. Total \$3,593,461 91
Deduct gross premiums and bills in course of collection at this date. 413,938 17 Entire premiums collected during the \$2,179,523 74 \$ 209,094 32

Aggregate amount of income actually received during the year

V. DISBURSEMENTS DURING THE YEAR.
Marine and
Fire Ricks, Inland Ricks.

Gross amount actually paid for losses (including \$257,659.50 losses occurring in previous years). \$1,434,410.92 \$ 248,444.44 Deduct all amounts actually received for salvage (whether on losses of the last serior previous years), \$11,675,65, and all amounts actually received for reinsurance in other companies, \$30,074.84, to-tal deduction. - AND WASHINGTON

Net amount paid during the year for \$1,405,568 24 \$ 235,236 63 \$1,841,104 87.

losses Scrip or certificates of profits redeemed in cash and interest paid to scripholders 142,728 04 12,72 Aggregate amount of actual disbursements during the year, in cash \$2,430,824 73

BUSINESS IN THE STATE OF VIRGINIA DURING THE YEAR Fire, marine, and inland risks written. Fire Risks. \$2.688.524.00

Fremiums received (gross) 40.154.16

Losses paid 23.481.00

State of New York, city of New York—ss.:

(Seal.) Sworn and subscribed to before ms this 25th January, 1808.

JOHN A. HILLERY,

(Signet) Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Virginia in New York.

B. C. WHERRY, Agent. 1015 East Main Street. Richmond. Va.

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Cut the Coupon out that ap- IF YOU ARE OUT OF WORK TRY A FREE AD. pears elsewhere in this paper

MEETING OF GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE WHITE HAIRED MASTER.

dren's cries of surprise, had come to the window, and he stood there gazing at the spectacle in a bewildered way. It was more surprising to him than it was to the children. He could make nothing of the children. He could make nothing of it. He could only rub his eyes and look. Here were his horses, his mules, and his cattle coming back in a hurry, driven by the soldiers in blue. He went to the rear porch to see what would be done with the stock, and there, to his further surprise, he saw a soldier on guard. The soldier saluted the white-haired old man with the utmost deference, standing at present arms until the gentleman, somewhat rusty in military elquette, had returned the salute. Then the soldier resumed his march back and forth. Looking across to the lot, the old gentleman saw Aaron showing the foragers where to put the borses, the mules, and the cows, and with Aaron were two or three hegrees who had refused to go off

egrees who had refused to go off

contieman asked the soldier. "Are we prisoners?" " replied the soldier, laughing,

"We are here to protect this house from the foragers and strugglers. I was thinkin maybe you're some close kin to

"Comp. Cump-Uncle Tecump. We march by that name." march by that name."

The white-halred gentleman, regarding this as a soldier's joke, went into the house. The children, still at the window, called his attention to a soldier marching back and forth. Going on the front plazza, he saw a soldier marching on that side, and but for the sarden fence, doubtless there would have been a fourth soldier marching behind the kitchen.

Later in the afternoon a squad of riders came galloping down the avenue. They drew up their horses at the yard gate, and one of them allighted, throwing his reins to one of the others. The children ran into the front parlor and peeped

reins to one of the others. The children ran into the front parlor and peeped through the curtains. The soldier who had come into the yard had neither gun nor sword. He wore a heavy overcoat, and his spurs rattled as he stamped the mud and water from his boots. He removed his overcoat, lifted the knocker en the door and let it fall twice, and then walked back and forth on the plazza with a guick, nervous step. He seemed to be restless and impatient.

The children's grandfather went to the

The children's grandfather went to the

and war is the most serious business that men ever engage in."

He resumed his seat as suddenly as he had left it, throwing one leg across the other with an easy familiarity that was not at all displeasing to the elder man. "You would think war was my busi-ness," remarked the commander, after a pause, during which his keen, restless eyes tried to solve the mysteries of the

The grandfather, attracted by the chil- | me in the business of dealing out death

and war is the most serious business that

glowing coals. "But it is not. I am a school teacher. I had rather be yonder in Mississippi, training my college boys
than to be leading this army. But war
is the price of union and peace, and here
I am. Where is Aaron?"
"Aaron?" The question was so sudden
and unexpected that the children's grand-

an expectant attitude.

'Dear General: As a member of the

The commander rose from his chair quick as a flash, and placed his hand on the old gentleman's shoulder.

"My dear sir," he said, "this is war, and wen't the

father was taken by surprise.
"Wasn't that the name of some queer

"Certainly. I wi

negro you owned?"
"Certainly. I will call him," replied the grandfather.
At that moment there was a ran at the door, and Aaron opened it. He bowed as he saw the uniformed and booted stranger, and then proceeded to make his report. He told his master that all the horses, mules, and cattle had been brought back and some more besides. He stood, half smiling, in an easy and yet an expectant attitude.

an expectant attitude.

"This is Aaron," said the commander.
"I must shake him by the hand." He stepped across the floor with arm extended and clasped Aaron's hand is his. "You are a good man, Aaron," he remarked, "a good man. I want to read you something."

The commander fumbled in the breast pocket of his coat and drew forth a huge morocco memorandum book. From this he took a letter.

merocco memorandum book. From this he took a letter.

"This," he said, "was sent to me in cipher from the War Department at Washington. I have had it translated and written out. Do you remember a man named Hudspeth?"

"Perfectly," said the old gentleman.

"Mighty well," said Aaron.

"Well, this man Richard Hudspih is one of the most influential members of Congress. He is on the Military Committee of the House. Here is what he says:

long swing loose from Atlanta and hard across Georgia, either to Savannah or Augusta. Should my information be correct, I have a favor to ask of you. It is this, that, so far as is consistent with your duties as a soldier, you will protect the lives and property of the people whom you may find on the Abercrombie place in middle Georgia. You cannot miss the place. Whether you go to Savannah or Augusta, it will be in your line of march. It is in the very heart of Georgia, and is known far and wide.

"I am not sure that the people I knew are living there now; but I am very sure that I spent some very happy and some very miserable days there. It was in the days of the years of my youth. a picasant feeling. But what she asked was a question easily answered, "Are there any bad husbands." I began to think of the different ones. And first of all there came before me the sullen man. He's the one who comes home at night with a growl, and wakens in the morn-be with a complaint. Neither of these with a growi, and wakens in the morning with a complaint. Neither of these are loadly spoken, but he mutters them with his teeth half closed, and his wife wishes she knew how to make "dear Charley" perfectly satisfied. But dear Charley is the sort of man who will not be happy either in Heaven or the other place. At the breakfast table the children have been taught not to speak for in the days of the years of my youth, and I should have been more miserable still but for the kindness of the people ear they will irritate their father; and at the dinner table they don't appear at all, on that place. " 'More than that, I owe them my life, the dinner table they don't appear at all, not even when the other sweets come on, for if it is possible he is a little bit more sullen and a little bit more hangder looking than he was at breakfast. He's been forced to associate with men all day and, of course, there is always the chance of a man kicking him if he tries any of his nasty business with him, but with the little woman at home, whom he has promised to love and protect, he feels at ease, and finds no fault with himself when he builles, in his horrid sullen which at one time I was on the point of losing at the hands of some of the neigh-Some day when we et in Washington you shall have the particulars.
"'You will find on that place, I trust-

Next came to my mind the fault-find-

he man who, if you offer him mutter

the man who, it you other him mutons on Tuesday night, wonders why it wasn't served on Friday, and, if you happen to have it on Friday, is surprised that you didn't remember the cook and serve fish.

sends you off into a shower of tears by reminding you of what he thought you would be when he made love to you. He forgets how he has changed—he for-

gets that there is no possibility of suit-ing him. If you are lively, be makes the cheerful remark that all women are gos-sips and never stop talking. If you are quiet, he wonders what you are sulking about, and if you try the happy medium of relying chatter and stillners, he asks

keep quiet. He finds fault with the cook, and you discharge her; then he is surprised that you were such a fool, with a very expressive adjective before it, as to get rid of a woman who knew the difference between grouse and pork, and who could boil water well. He interferes with your management of the children, and the result is that they are impertinent and can never be called good; but this, of course, he considers your fault, I think with pleasure of the fault-finding man's hereafter. He will be married, if there is such a thing as marriage in hell, to a New Woman, who will treat him as he did his wife, and then he will

him as he did his wife, and then he will know the rather doubtful pleasure of continual mental and physical pin-pricks.

STINGINESS.

He isn't satisfied with your gown, and

"'You will find on that place, I trustthough he seemed too frail to live long—
a youngster known as Little Crotchett.
Say to him that I shall love him tenderly
while life lasts. I hope you will also find
there the kindly gentleman to whose patience and courtesy I owe many a pleasant hour. I hope, too, you will find
Aaron there—Aaron, the fugitive, who
was and who romains a mystery.

"For the sake of these people and for
the sake of old times, I venture to ask
you to surround the place with such proelf when he bullies, in his horrid sullen way, the creature that is bigger and better in every way than himself. She can
never get an opinion from him. A sullen look, words that are muttered, and
a "grumpy" manner being his every-day
conduct in his home. Which of Dante's
hells do you think he will be found in
when Gabriel's trumphet sounds? you to surround the place with such pro THE FAULT-FINDING SPOUSE.

had hints of the adventure you are about to undertake are trembling with fear and hope. We confide in your genius, but we should be happier if we had already

heard from you at the end of your journey. Faithfully fully yours. 'RICHARD HUDSPETH.'" The children's grandfather gazed stead-fly in the fire without moving. The com-mander placed the letter in his pocket, and rose from his chair, pushing it away

from him impatiently.
"And this is Aaron?" he asked.
"Yes, sir," replied Aaron.
"Well, Aaron, I want to shake your

hand again."

Aaron took the proffered hand and bowed his head over it, as if giving silent
utterance to a prayer. The commander
gave his hand to the White-Haired Mas-

of mixing chatter and stillness, he asks where you got your wisdom from when you talk, and he inquires what you are complaining about to yourself when you keep quiet. He finds fault with the cook, went clattering up the avenue.

Somewhere in the distance Buster John and Sweetest Susan heard a band playing a sweet tune, and so war passed out of their sight. Passed out of their sight, let us hope forever. But it should be recorded here that the spectacle of these slow-moving files of armed men, this vast procession of cavairy and artillery, with all their lumbering accompaniments, was far more amazing to these children than anything they had seen and heard, in Mr. thing they had seen and heard, in Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country, or than any of their experience with the Son of Ben All.

The different way in which progress is made in this country and in European countries is Hustrated by a bill now be-fore the British Parliament. The measure proposes to aid the building of light rail-

turn the fide of population cack again toward the country.

The government now proposes to step in and lend its assistance by loaning money to aid in building short light railroads for the farmers. Something of he same situation now prevalent in Eng-and has come about in this country. There has been a limited describen of the rural neighborhoods, and a crowding the rural neighborhoos, and a crowding into the cities, especially in the older States, and where a worn-out soil has come into competition with the rich lands of the West. But no proposition is se-riously made here to remedy the situation by asking the government to step in and build railroads to give the farmer a bet-ter chance to hold his own. The situation

is willing to leave to demand and supply the enterprises which are necessary to his comfort and convenience.

There is no civilized country in the world to-day in which so many socialistic schemes are proposed for alding the working classes through government money as there are in England. These schemes are simply the logical result of placing its workingmen in unrestricted competition with the whole world. The government finds that it must take upon itself burdens, such as the building of rural railroads, which the people themselves could have looked after if they had not been impoverished by free trade.—Philadelphia Press. There is no civilized country in the

Usually the fault-finding man combine another vice with his chief one, and that vice is the abonination of desolation— stinginess. He is not at all inclined to be stingy with himself, but he wants to know what becomes of every cent which is spent by his wife. The fact that she is his wife and has an absolute right to roads in the rural neighborhoods so as to bring these districts into closer touch with the larger cities, relieve the monotony of farm-life, and help the farmer in his struggle with the changing conditions of modern business and social life. It provides for subsidizing these lines by the government, and promoting their construction in other ways. If the bill passes of the woman who bears his name. If she looks shabby he blames not himself, when the construction in other ways. If the bill passes

she looks shabby he blames not himself, but her. He doesn't know and doesn't care how the little bit of money which he gives her is so well managed that he always has a good breakfast, and a good dinner, while she and the children lave a starvation luncheon. If he happens to take her out he scoffs at her quiet black frock, never dreaming that it has gone through all the economical possibilities that only come when a woman hasn't much money and must freshen her old frock. The five cents' worth of soap bark frock. The five cents' worth of soap bark to wash it, the assistance of a little dressmaker whose value lies in her cheapness, the careful arrangement of the dibbon bows here and a trimming there, concealing a bad place, are, to you and me, pitiful, but to the stingy man it is all no more than his wife ought to do. He is as stingy with his love and his pleasant words as he is with his money, and, although, before he was married, used to make most ardent vows of love, love that was to last till death and after, he doesn't think it necessary, now-

days, to even express his approbation of the way the woman he has married tries to cater to his wishes.

He is apt, in addition, to be suspicious. Stinginess and suspicion are close kin and usually go hand in hand. He ques-tions the children as to their mother hav-ing seen anybody during the day; he ing seen anybody during the day; he manages to drop into the kitchen, and, by being pleasant to the cook, gets her to admit that Mrs. Dash might have been more economical if she tried. He knows some joily good fellows, and is forced to think that, when their wives call upon his wife, they must discuss him and compare him to them to his disadvantage, lie forgets entirely that he is married to a woman—and when one says a woman, one usually means a something that has all the faithfulness of a dog, without his occasional lapse into a bad temout his occasional lapse into a bad tem per, and, as a natural sequence, a bite If the mother of his wife visits her, he is never quite sure that the days would pass by so quickly unless his vices were under discussion; and if his own mother happens to be to the fore, he feels sure that she tells his wife what he used to be, and that they both sigh over what he is now. Oldly enough, in his heart of is now. Oddly enough, in his heart of hearts, is a positive contempt for him-self, for he knows that he is a cad. One or two thrashings a week might, per-haps, make a man of him; but I doubt it. When fault-finding and suspicion control the heart of a man, he is about control the near of a ham, he is above as near degradation as any human being can be. What do you think will be his Hell? I have an idea that he will get that fifth one, where he will sit on a cake of ice, drink ice water, and have two or three particularly devilish little demons to find fault with his manner of titting of drinking and of living, even

sitting, of drinking and of living, even in the depths of Dante's fifth canto. MARRIED TO A DRUNKARD. What do you suppose the life of a wo-man is when she is married to a drunk-

Fancy the never being certain of his condition? Fancy never being quite sure in what condition he will appear? It may be that he will come in merry drunk, and he gay with the children, throw all the money he has to you, and then stumble to bed and go to sleep. Fancy his coming in suiky—it forces you to send the children out of the room quickly, as you explain to them that their father is not quite well; and you endure all the mean words he says, and only, when he can no longer talk, do you help him off with his clothes and induce him to lie down, even if he won't go to sleep? And the angels in Heaven are looking down on this. I wonder what they think? It is possible Fancy the never being certain of his